Bene. A moſt manly witte Margaret, it will not hurt a woman: and ſo I pray thee call Beatrice, I giue thee the bucklers.

Marg. Giue vs the ſwordes, wee haue bucklers of our owne.

Bene. If you vſe them Margaret, you muſt putte in the pikes with a vice, and they are daungerous weapons for maides.

Mar. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I thinke hath legges. *Exit Margarite.*

Bene. And therefore wil come. The God of loue that ſits aboue, and knowes mee, and knowes me, how pittifull I deſerue. I meane in ſinging, but in louing, Leander the good ſwimmer, Troilus the firſt imploier of pandars, and a whole booke full of theſe quondam carpet-mongers, whoſe names yet runne ſmoothly in the euen rode of a blancke verſe, why they were neuer ſo truly turnd ouer and ouer as my poore ſelfe in loue: mary I cannot ſhew it in rime, I haue tried, I can finde out no rime to Ladie but babie, an innocent rime: for ſcorne, horne, a hard rime: for ſchoole foole, a babling rime: very ominous endings, no, I was not borne vnder a riming plannet, nor I cannot wooe in feſtiuall termes: ſweete Beatrice wouldſt thou come when I cald thee?

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Yea ſignior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O ſtay but till then.

Beat. Then, is ſpoken: fare you wel now, and yet ere I goe, let me goe with that I came, which is, with knowing what hath paſt betweene you and Claudio.

Bene. Onely foule words, and therevpon I will kiſſe thee.

Beat. Foule words is but foule wind, and foule wind is but foule breath, and foule breath is noiſome, therfore I wil depart vnkiſt.

Bene. Thou haſt frighted the word out of his right ſence, ſo forcible is thy wit, but I muſt tel thee plainly, Claudio vndergoes my challenge, and either I muſt ſhortly heare from him, or I will ſubſcribe him a coward, and I pray thee now tell me, for

for which of my bad parts didſt thou firſt fal in loue with me

Beat. For them all together, which maintaind ſo politique a ſtate of euil, that they will not admitte any good part to intermingle with them: but for which of my good parts did you firſt ſuffer loue for me?

Bene. Suffer loue! a good epithite, I do ſuffer loue indeed for I loue thee againſt my will.

Beat. In ſpight of your heart I thinke, alas poore heart, if you ſpight it for my ſake, I will ſpight it for yours, for I wil neuer loue that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wiſe to wooe peaceably.

Beat. It appeares not in this confeſſion, theres not one wiſe man among twentie that will praiſe himſelfe.

Bene. An old, an old inſtance Beatrice, that liu'd in the time of good neighbours, if a man do not erect in this age his owne toomb ere he dies, he ſhall liue no longer in monument, then the bell rings, and the widow weepes.

Beat. And how long is that thinke you?

Bene. Queſtion, why an hower in clamour and a quarter in rhewme, therefore is it moſt expedient for the wiſe, if Don worme (his conſcience) find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his owne vertues, as I am to my ſelf ſo much for praiſing my ſelfe, who I my ſelfe will beare witnes is praiſe worthie, and now tell me, how doth your coſin?

Beat. Verie ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Verie ill too.

Bene. Serue God, loue me, and mend, there wil I leaue you too, for here comes one in haſte. *Enter Vrſula.*

Vrſula Madam, you muſt come to your vncle, yonders old coile at home, it is prooued my Lady Hero hath bin falſely accuſde, the Prince and Claudio mightily abuſde, and Don Iohn is the author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come preſently?

Beat. Will you go heare this newes ſignior?

Bene. I wil liue in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eies: and moreouer, I wil go with thee to thy vncles. *exit.*